

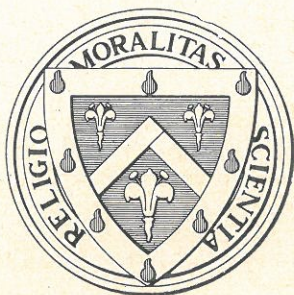
MEASURE

SUMMER

1943



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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

MEASURE

(All-Catholic Rating, 1941-1942)

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CONTENTS

Cover Photography	WALTER DONAHUE	
Report on Catholic College Dramatics	RALPH C. BUSHELL	3
Charon Goes Modern	FRANCIS CLEARY	14
Black Gold	JOHN B. TERVEER	16
High Waters	THOMAS JOYCE	19
What Catholic Fiction Needs	K. WILLIAM KENNEDY	28
Another Revival	JOHN GOETZ	31
The Things of a Child	JOHN HINDERS	34
Poems		
<i>Contemplation</i>	JACK JUTT	37
<i>Death Bed Clock</i>	JACK JUTT	37
<i>Silence</i>	F. GESCHWIND	37
<i>Prayer</i>	From JOSE MARIA PEMAN	37
Editorial	JOHN GOETZ	38
Exchanges	ROBERT DE SHON	39
Book Reviews		
<i>Lee's Lieutenants</i>	HENRY KAUFFMANN	41
<i>The Children</i>	THOMAS FREIBURGER	42
<i>No Day of Triumph</i>	JAMES CHANNELL	43
<i>The Allegheny</i>	G. R. SCHREIBER	44
<i>The Road to Victory</i>	FREDERICK A. BECKMAN	44

Report On Catholic College Dramatics

RALPH C. BUSHELL

Everyone who has had the possible chance to complain about the condition of things in the theater should be grateful for this opportunity to look into the heart of the thing. Mr. Bushell here reports for the drama department of St. Joseph's College on a matter of vital importance to educators.

In the spring of nineteen-forty-two, one hundred and eighty questionnaires were sent out to as many Catholic colleges. These colleges were scattered throughout the United States, and the results, therefore, should be partially indicative of the activities of Catholic colleges in general.

Of all the questionnaires sent out, sixty-one returned to us. Of these sixty-one, nine were entirely valueless because of the fact that they had been returned by colleges not taking an active interest in dramatics. However, these are figured in in all the statistics that follow.

The title of the questionnaire will, in part, reveal its purpose: "Thirty-nine Questions on Catholic College Dramatics, 1936-1941."

The first three questions, by way of introduction, asked the name and location of the institution reporting, the name of the person answering, and the official position of that person.

The first question on location brought many varied answers. It shows how catholic the questionnaire is:

Alabama, 1; California, 3; Colorado, 1; District of Columbia, 2; Illinois, 3; Indiana, 2; Iowa, 5; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 2; Louisiana, 1; Maine, 1; Maryland, 2; Massachusetts, 2; Michigan, 4; Minnesota, 3; Missouri, 3; Montana, 1; New Jersey, 1; New York, 5; Ohio, 3; Oregon, 2; Pennsylvania, 5; South Dakota, 1; Texas, 1; Washington, 2; Wisconsin, 3.

The second question, since it is not of public interest, will remain unanswered here.

Proceeding to the third question, "The official position of this person," we find that in twenty-five cases the person designated himself as Director of Drama. Ten cases reported merely Dean. The Moderator replied in eight instances. The Head of the Speech Department answered in six questionnaires, and the Speech Instructor in four. Teacher, Chairman of English Department, President of Dramatic Society, Business Manager, and Vice-President, each reported respectively. In only one case did the person replying fail to mention his position.

At this point begins the body of the questionnaire. The heading was entitled "Organization," and the first question put was "What is the

name of your Dramatic club?" The answers proved especially interesting and at times showed real ingenuity. They varied from names formed by a variation of the college name to names smacking strongly of the stage. Here are some samples: Marquette University Players, Mount Mary Players, Mask and Foil Club, Props and Paint, The Playmakers, Genetian Club.

Many will be surprised at the results of the next question. "What is the date of founding of this club?" Of the sixty-one, seventeen gave no report, and of these, ten possessed no dramatic organization. The rest are as follows:

Between 1850 and 1874, we find three; between 1875 and 1899, we find three; between 1900 and 1909, we find four; between 1910 and 1919, we find four; between 1920 and 1929, we find ten; between 1930 and 1939, we find nineteen; between 1940 and 1941, we find one.

Reorganization was reported for two of these in 1940 and 1942 respectively.

"Is the membership male, female, or both?" Two reported as seminars; twelve reported male constituents; twenty-eight were attended by women, and eleven answered as both. It seems the women have the draw on the men.

It is often wondered, how many persons are engaged in college dramatics. Some think there are quite a few, others not so many. Here is what fifty-one of the sixty-one questionnaires report. For the year 1941-1942, the approximate number of members ranged from ten up to one hundred and fifty. The total number reached 1,811. All told, the average per college is 46.03 members. That is rather encouraging. A club of this size makes for a close-knit, compact unit; one that will pull together and get things done. For the period 1936-1941 we find varying average again. The total average for the last five years was 1,956, or 38.3 members per club. It can be readily seen, therefore, that yearly membership is fairly stable. Remember, however, this report came in before the draft took a cut in the enrollment. The statistics today would prove a sorry sight indeed.

In most campus organizations, the control of the faculty exists in one form or another. It is a matter of degree just how much the faculty interferes. Again we report ten not replying. Of the remaining, twenty-eight reported direct faculty control, and four, direction through student officers. Fourteen possessed Moderators whose duty it was to give advice. Four reported joint student-Moderator control. Minor details handled by students; major details handled by the board of directors of which the Moderator is a member—such was the case of one institution. The director consults with the faculty, was the last report.

Many also wonder or like to know, just how is directing and coaching

handled. "Do you have special coaches or directors come in?" and "Does the faculty contribute to the acting?"

To the first question we find sixteen answering "yes;" thirty-three, "No." "Sometimes" was offered by two and "once" was given once. Nine made no reply whatsoever.

To the second question, we find forty-eight replying "no" and eleven remaining silent. Two reported "occasionally," and "in separate productions," respectively. Good for them.

Publicity is always a matter of importance. It is also a source of headaches, too, for a lot of people. The general inclination is to have a form of cooperation in the matter and the tendency is pretty well towards letting the students take care of it. After all it does take a lot of energy. But here are the figures: Seventeen cases were handled by student committees; twenty-five were taken care of by joint work of director and students. In only six cases did the director take care of it, and in three cases we found a faculty assistant, a college Publicity agent, or a Director-student, especially trained person combination doing the work. Still we have ten, "no reply."

Patrons, also, play a part in some clubs' lives. Eleven replied "yes" and twenty-three "no." "Some cases" was set down by ten; "once" by one; "subscriptions" by one; "solicit advertising" by one; "sparingly" by two; and this time we find twelve failing to reply.

The final question of this section was divided. "Give a rough outline of your production organization." It would require too much space to go into details in presenting all the answers. Hence, the following is a bird's-eye view of what the clubs were made: In most cases we find an executive committee consisting of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and program committee. Beyond this, however, we run into a great number of subordinate committees of sundry kinds: Make-up, Property, Scenery, Lighting, Publicity, Tickets, Patrons, and Miscellaneous. "Also the production policy of the group." This likewise requires sampling.

1. To produce as many various types as possible.
2. One play per year of serious matter and high literary value; any number of one-act plays, verse speaking choirs, radio, etc.
3. Plays chosen by director and student committee from plays available and adapted to our use.
4. Members may discuss and submit a play; this is considered and finally determined by the coach, moderator, and dean.

What kind of material do these clubs have to work with? What are their resources; their physical make-up? The second section of our questionnaire now takes up this situation.

"Please give some details of your theatre: Number of stages, size of

main stage, capacity of auditorium, and lighting situation (complete, incomplete, flexible)." This seems like rather a large bite, but it was well answered and some enlightening facts are uncovered.

Nine of these schools have two stages, thirty-eight have one, two have none in their auditorium and twelve do not reply.

The sizes of the stage vary greatly. They range from thirteen feet by ten feet, to seventy-five feet by thirty feet. The majority, however, were over twenty feet by thirty feet, which might indicate that large scale work is possibly being presented.

In like manner, auditorium capacity varies. Here we find numbers ranging from sixty up to 1,355. The statistics are:

From 50 to 250, we find 6; from 251 to 450, we find 15; from 451 to 650, we find 10; from 651 to 850, we find 7; from 851 to 1050, we find 6; from 1051 on up, we find 4. We see that comparatively large audiences can be accommodated.

Fifteen of the colleges reported complete lighting. Eighteen bemoaned the fact that theirs were incomplete. Fourteen thankfully claimed flexible lighting. One mournfully reported themselves outmoded.

There is no better way to get acquainted with the stage and its problems than to get back-stage and do some actual work. This next question is, therefore, rather disappointing: "Is there a college workshop?" Nineteen reported "no." One was impaled on the horns of a dilemma and responded "yes" and "no." Two acknowledged an improvised workshop; five reported "not as such," and once more we hear, "eleven—no reply."

The next question is more encouraging. "What is the percentage of all stage sets made?" One hundred per cent was claimed by nineteen colleges; seventy-five to ninety-nine per cent by six; fifty to seventy-four per cent by three; and one reported ten per cent. Others gave various answers, as: four or five, one set, five drape sets, one set a year, and small. Three stated that they made none, and this time twenty-two made no reply.

When asked how many were purchased, fifteen replied "none," and twenty-seven gave no statement. Still others mentioned one black cyclorama, old scenes, all, one basic, forty per cent, fifty per cent, ten per cent, etc.

On the same level of value, was the question, "Do you make your own costumes?" answered. "Yes" was mentioned by sixteen, "No" was mentioned by nineteen. Fourteen made no reply. Ten said "sometimes." One admitted in minor details, and one, most of them.

In addition, "What is the plan of production?" brought forth these replies: six state that they rent costumes, and twenty-five gave no reply. Others gave some of the following as reports:

1. No problem.
2. Hire costumes for period plays.
3. Designing by Art class. Sewing by members of the cast or Play Production class.
4. Re-work all models for individual shows.
5. Director assisted by students in Home Economics.
6. Whoever has time to help with the sewing.

To present the replies to the question, "What is the approximate size of the wardrobe?" is a rather difficult task. To start with, nineteen made no reply. Seven reported "none." One claimed completeness for religious plays. Some average around forty or fifty pieces, while others can gratefully claim between two and three hundred pieces. One college reports that they have complete Shakesperian, Greco-Roman, Crinoline, and Ecclesiastical outfits. They are indeed fortunate.

The next division is employed in discussing the activities that the college is engaged in. To the question "What is the average number of productions per year?" there is stated: five give one production; eight give two; fifteen give three; eleven give four; four give five, and three give six, nine, and fifteen, respectively. Twelve make no report. As to the average number of performances per year: sixteen make no comment; seven gave 1 to 3 performances; twenty-one gave 4 to 6 performances; nine gave 7 to 10 performances; two gave 11 to 15 performances; four gave above 15 performances.

Having seen the condition of production presentation, we ask: "Give the names of at least five plays produced during the stated period (1936-1941, incl.)." The result was most gratifying. Nearly all of the colleges responded to this request. In this five-year period we found that there were two hundred different plays presented. Of these we found one hundred and sixty-three to be modern plays while thirty-four were of the classical period. The three remaining, to bring the tally up, were listed as one-acters.

Of the classical plays, fifteen were Shakesperean plays which enjoyed a total of forty-two productions. The remaining are: two Medieval plays, three Greek plays, five Eighteenth Century plays, and nine Nineteenth Century plays. These could only boast a total of forty productions. It would seem Shakespeare is still holding his own.

The modern plays were quite diversified. Comedies predominated, however. Comedies boast a total of one hundred and twenty. Tragedies come out second best with a total of twenty-three. Musical comedies totaled twelve; purely religious reached ten; and eight were unknown to us.

It is interesting to note that of all these plays, forty-four, or twenty per cent, were Catholic. This would indicate that there is surely a need for

Catholic plays, and the replies to the question near the end of this report would seem to bear this out.

Of those plays listed as most outstanding, here are a few: *As You Like It*, Shakespeare; *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Who Rides on White Horses*, Breen and Schnibbs; *Murder in the Cathedral*, Elliot; *Holy Night*, Sierra; *Pride and Prejudice*, arranged by Helen Jerome; *Quality Street*, Sir James Barrie; *Brief Music*, Lavery. The play boasting the greatest total of presentations was *Berkeley Square*.

Of our Catholic authors we have represented Philip Barry, Emmet Lavery, Felix Doherty, Gregorio Martinez Sierra, Henri Gheon, Robert Sheriff.

Asked why these plays were considered best, divers answers were submitted. In general, they ran about as follows: Audience reacted most favorably. The play drew the largest audience. Students responded best to this play. The uniform quality of production was high. Many praised the play as a vehicle of thought and as a good opportunity for students to do their best work. Ingenuity in scene construction is also mentioned. One college reported it received most favorable criticism from the professional critics.

Summarizing these answers, they drop into three parts: audience appeal, student reaction (as participants), and smoothness of technical parts.

Are Catholic colleges doing anything to help produce playwrights of the caliber we need? With this in mind, "How much original dramatic writing is done in your college?" was asked. In particular, works and their authors were requested. Fourteen made no reply while twelve reported no activities along this line. The following is a list of information volunteered:

Regis College reported John Flanagan as active in this field.

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana: Agnes Eckhardtete, *College Caste*, *Rosemary Bell*, *Old Maid*.

St. Procopius College: Florian Herides, O.S.B., *Brothers*.

St. Mary of the Woods: Sister Jean Marie, *Song of the Scaffold*. Margaret Waggoner, *Indian Romance* (Pageant).

Loras College: Rev. I. J. Semper, *Oliver Twist*, *Joseph the Dreamer*. Rev. Donahue, *Hid Battlements*. Schroeder, *Treasure Island*. John Evans, *The Spider and the Fly*. John Becker, *Charles Lamb*.

Sacred Heart Junior College: *Kid Gloves*.

Ursuline College: *Talettha* (Passion Play). Sarah Lee, *Taming of the Shrewd*, *George Rogers Clark*.

Nazareth College: Mr. F. J. Karem, *Fabiola*.

Boston College: Felix Doherty, *Song Out of Sorrow*. Frank Maguire, *Girl With Seven Aunts*.

Loyola College: *Your Town*.

St. Mary's College, Orchard Lake, Michigan: Msgr. A. Syski, *Soldier's Dream*. Rev. A. Popielarz, *Church on the Corner*. Rev. A. Maksimik, *At the Gate of Heaven*.

Emmanuel College: Catherine Dolan, *Santa's Workshop*. Mary Elcock, *Just a Rag Doll*. Nancy F. Fox, *The Toyshop*.

University of Detroit: Kinsella, *It Might Happen Anywhere*, *Bandit Father*, *Foiled By an Alphabet*. Kinsella and Partridge, *Last Installment*.

Immaculata College: Sister Mary Donatus, *Via Dolorosa*, *King's Jongleur*, *The Greater Glory*, *The Clean of Heart*.

St. Edward's University: *Feather Top*.

The result, we think, is rather encouraging. At least it shows it can be done. Of course, there may be much more than what has been reported here.

We next proposed the request, "Please mention anything of special interest that has been done in the field of experimentation (design, sound, lighting, use of theater)." This time thirty-five either remained silent or shook their heads "no." But the result was far from a failure. Of the reports submitted, we find some very good ideas. They show real ingenuity and imagination.

Marquette University reports: We did *Merchant* in modern dress and used modern classical music as background.

Seattle College claims the "use of 'Penthouse' style of production without stage. The audience sits around the actors; aisles are entrances, etc."

St. Edward's University makes "all sets of original design. Lighting, etc., adapted to conditions and requirements of the particular play in question."

Mount Marty Junior College "puts colored gelatine on a roller like a toy movie machine and got good results."

John Carroll University: "'Set within a set' tried in *Beggar on Horseback*. A revolving light plus siren sound effects helped the illusion in *Fr. Malachy's Miracle*."

St. Peter's College took "particular pride in sets built for the courtyard in *Macbeth* and the submarine cross-section in the play *Submerged*."

St. Procopius College: Every production has something experimental or unusual about it, e. g. Part of a pontifical High Mass in *Murder in the Cathedral* by public address system.

College of St. Francis reported "projection of scenery by means of slides."

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana: "We use 'Globe Theater' of our own construction for Shakespeare; also slides for lighting effects and scenery. Telephone system to exits in outdoor performances."

College of Notre Dame, Belmont, California, reported outdoor performances at night of Chaucer pageant (horses, etc.).

The children's theater is no so well known: At least that is the impression garnered from these questionnaires. Only seven answered "yes" to the question, "Have you experimented in the use of children's theater?" Thirty-three replied "no" and sixteen gave no reply. Two answered "very little" and "somewhat," respectively. Two commented thus: "*Seven Little Rebels* was presented in November, 1941." This year we gave *Slumberboat* with our Practice Teaching with good result."

Choral work, when done correctly, is very impressive and is very entertaining. It is encouraging to see that over half of the colleges have made use of this work. Thirty-two report use of choral work. Two reported some work in the field. One reported "rarely." Only fourteen replied "none," and only eleven gave no reply. Asked how the choral work was made use of, we found these to be indicative of the entire field:

1. Verse speaking, choir and choric drama.
2. Combined with drama or independently.
3. Only as part of pageants.
4. In long dramatic poems—as interludes.
5. In Greek chorus; choral readings; in plays such as Housman's *Bethlehem*.
6. Various programs and radio work.
7. In productions such as *Murder in the Cathedral*.
8. In Grecian plays.
9. Combined with drama or independently.
10. Regular class work and for public production.

Today radio is playing an ever increasing part in our every-day lives. Just what is being done to prepare for it? Are colleges aware of this new field of endeavor? With these questions in mind, "What has been the extent of your work in radio drama?" was next proposed. Again we remark that the result is encouraging. Only four report much work in the field. And only thirteen gave no reply. Fourteen admitted no work whatsoever. The rest varied: e. g., Separate, very limited, little, some, presented in class. Two reported radio work in connection with a course given by a station. Most interesting were three reports: 1) For two years, weekly; 2) Weekly; 3) Radio course, one production a month.

Puppets are interesting. They should be more in evidence for that very reason. But here are the reports: Thirty-two replied that they made no use of puppets. Eighteen made no reply whatsoever. The comments proffered by a few, however, proved most interesting.

1. Annual French puppets for Mardi Gras.
2. Used in Children's Literature-Teacher Training Course.

3. By individuals.
4. Collaboration with the Art Department.
5. One play to date, hope to do more in the future.
6. Art Department.
7. Course in puppetry; have put on plays.
8. Yes, we have a puppet club.
9. Original production of *Snow White* and we made all things in connection.

To what degree has use been made of the dance? Greek chorus, 5; Operettas, 3; Incidental, 4; Much, 3; Little, 4; Gym work, 1; None, 18; Some, 9; No reply, 15.

Most of those using the dance were girls' colleges and that seems to explain the results.

Musical comedy productions are not in great evidence. Twenty-two claimed no such performances and twenty-five made no reply. Of those who did reply, the following are some of the productions listed: *Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Rosamunde*, *My Maryland*, *Mlle. Modiste*, *Mikado*, *Sweethearts*, *Belle of Bagdad*, *Your Town*, etc.

About on the same level as the above, were the reports on pageant productions. No reply was made by twenty-four. Eighteen replied "no." Eight claimed some. Seven colleges recorded one production. Two reported two, and one reported three. Examples are: *St. Angela and the Ursulines*, Shakespeare pageant, *Marquette in Illinois*, *For the Glory of the King*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (Prologue and the Knight's Tale), and the *Masque of Comus*.

About fifty per cent of the colleges reported the procuring of outside entertainers for programs. Of these, three reported miscellaneous offers; nine reported show companies; six had dramas, and fourteen concerts. Nineteen procured lecturers, while five reported none at all. Twenty-three did not reply.

Here is a question especially interesting to those who must foot the bill and balance the budget. "What is the general cost of production for one play? Eighteen made no reply. The others vary radically. Three commented, saying "varies widely," "not much," and "varies." The remaining reported a minimum of ten dollars plus royalty to the rather intriguing sum of twelve hundred dollars. However, the average for the forty colleges who gave figures, is two hundred and nine dollars per play.

Just how many members of a dramatic club continue in this field upon graduation? One would take a guess, not very many. Again it is a case of fifty per cent of the colleges claiming that they have alumni going on in the dramatic field. Although six replied "no," and twenty-three

made no reply, twenty-seven colleges did report data, e. g.: Marquette University of Milwaukee: Marshall Grant, Assistant Producer, Universal Pictures; Mary McCormack, Radio City, New York; Ronald Fraser, Radio, Chicago; Loretta Kingsley, Radio, Chicago. Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa: Don Ameche, Vincent McCafferey, John Becker. University of Santa Clara: John McGurt, Andy Devine, Edmund Lowe.

In conclusion, five questions were asked covering the status, what is most needed in the field of dramatics and what should be done about contests?

In the first place, how many colleges have a major in dramatics? We found thirty-three replying "no" and eleven making no reply. Only thirteen claimed a major course in dramatics. The requirements vary. Eight of the thirteen require an average of twenty-nine to thirty hours. Comments presented are:

1. Regular number of major credits in speech work and public recital.
2. Permit an English major with emphasis on speech.
3. Combined with speech; six hours, lower division; eighteen hours, upper division.
4. Thirty-six credits divided as follows: Six in interpretative reading; nine in Stage Craft; Six in Direction; three in oral and written argument; six in Shakespeare; three in survey of English drama; three in modern drama and creative writing.
5. Advanced interpretation; History of the Theater; direction, voice, production, costumes, and make-up.
6. German, French, European History, courses in other Fine Arts. Recommended are dancing and fencing.

To provide for those not offering a major, the question "Do you have courses in dramatics?" was presented. To this a large number of answers returned. Twenty-five replied "yes." Only fifteen replied "no," and twenty-one made no reply. Sixteen colleges require an average of twenty hours a semester. Some of the representative courses are: The Theater, Stagecraft, Play Production, Play Writing, Play Interpretation, Advanced Play Interpretation, Speech, Speech Pathology, Debate, Dramatic Art (two courses).

"What, in your opinion, is the greatest need of the Catholic College Theater today?" This question seems to have touched a hitherto unknown spring in the hearts of many who filled out the questionnaires. And out of this comes the one great cry, "More plays." And it is significant that that word "play" is always modified by a word, phrase or clause petitioning Catholic philosophy and morals. Forty-five colleges answered this question and they were unanimous in their agreement. Here are a few of those replies (all punctuation marks are the original writer's:

1. Plays! moral, Catholic, and literary worth.
2. Plays! (If we don't live on revivals and the classics.)
3. Playwrights who can write plays that are fastmoving, entertaining and uplifting.
4. Writers of *good* plays.
5. More truly Catholic *modern* plays; or the reviving of great plays in the Catholic tradition of the past. But no pietism!
6. Increased interest in the Arts; advanced knowledge in Catholic doctrine and philosophy.
7. Better plays (not *all* religious in character) that exemplify in practical life the truths we teach.
8. Plays written within the average budget of the average group—plays which the group would be proud to produce before Catholic and non-Catholic audiences alike. Quality in production. Effective leadership.
9. Good plays that are Catholic or at least which do not encourage pagan attitudes.
10. Cooperation with and from Catholic Action groups, Catholic charities, selling the theater to the CYO, convincing pastors of the worth of good theaters in their parishes, cooperation with the community effort.

Seeing the need of our clubs and societies, how then could we go about remedying the wants? As far as the play situation is concerned, a play-writing contest immediately comes to mind. Guided by this thought the next question was framed: "In what way would you encourage or discourage a play writing contest?"

Thirty-five gave no replies. Twelve suggested offering prizes. Three recommended the use of publicity. Eight thought production should be promised. Seven encouraged free-lance work. Four were of the opinion that play-writing should be made a part of class work and that more competent judges are needed. One suggested a national contest, in consequence of present state of conditions.

Question thirty-nine asked for some photographic specimens of casts and various scenes of the clubs' activities. Some promised to send some, some actually did, and the rest made no reply.

So ends the questionnaire. These, then, are the facts concerning Catholic drama in our Catholic colleges. No attempt will be made to summarize or draw specific conclusions. We leave it up to the reader, for the time being, to draw his own conclusions. Later, a more thorough and detailed research will be made and presented for a better understanding of the field.

Charon Goes Modern

FRANCIS CLEARY

Charon in some way or other does not seem to suggest Harry James in any ordinary associations, but here he does. After all, what is a bit of imagination among friends.

"All the spirits were obliged to rely upon the aid of Charon, an aged boatman, who plied the only available skiff—a leaky, worm-eaten punt—from shore to shore across the river Styx," were the words uttered by the first year high school Latin teacher. They brought Joe out of an almost sound sleep to awed interest. The little bit of mythology Joe did hear made a big impression on his highly imaginative mind. As the rest of the class went on to the new vocabulary Joe's mind started on another one of its wild imaginative sprints.

"Gee," he thought, "that would be the life. Nothing else to do but ride in a boat all day long, just like I do on those wonderful days in the summer on Dad's vacation." For a moment his mind lingered on last summer's outstanding experiences at the lake, but soon it was back thinking about dear old Charon. "Why doesn't this guy, Charon, wise up? He's just an icky. I can just see him now stepping into that new out-board motorboat of ours and coldly viewing all the dead jitterbugs, alligators, and slick hep-cats all dressed up in the latest zoot suits with key chains, long hair down into their eyes and all the other trivial points that go to make up the *modern*. As these so-called customers crowded around the ticket gate all pushing and shoving, you could hear Charon's mighty voice ring out with 'If you don't have the fare of one obolus (half 'a buck) you will just have to wait for one hundred years for a free ride.' After this there was a monumental groan given by the terrified zoot suit boys who had just spent their last nickel to play Harry James' version of 'You Made Me Love You.'

"The few more fortunate ones dropped their last obolus into Charon's newly installed chromium plated turnstile and took their places aboard the ultra-modern outboard which was moored to an old wind-blown leafless oak tree.

"When his load was properly placed, Charon untied his boat and gave it a push away from the land with his mighty bared foot. As the craft moved slowly out into the river Styx the remaining jive hounds sat around on the banks singing—'As Time Goes By'—yes, one hundred years of time. When the boat was far enough out in the deep water Charon plunged his Johnson's Sea Horse (now selling for \$124.98) into the black inky water and gave the starting rope a powerful tug. The stern

settled deep and the bow raised high as they sped through the water to the opposite shore. *Note:* Charon has a C card.

"When they neared their destination (final end as our Ethics text would put it) the businesslike expression on Charon's weather beaten face changed into a very appealing smile as he said 'Well, kids (he always calls his passengers kids because after all he has held down this job ever since Zeus appointed him through shady politics, and they really were kids to him). 'Well, kids, here's hoping you all are really cookin' with gas when you meet Pluto—you'll need it.'

"After leaving all the passengers off, Charon swiftly turned his outboard around and was beating it back for more when all of a sudden he heard a strange sound like a buzzer."

"Come on, Joe, wake up the class is over" were the choice words spoken as only a high school freshman belle can express such a rude ending of Charon Goes Modern.

Black Gold

JOHN B. TERVEER

This treatise is as timely as the bombers over Europe, as the car you are going to drive after the duration. Here is the newest of the new, one of the brightest developments in the world of science.

"Black Gold" is the name that one has aptly applied to petroleum. What other name could convey to the public the importance of this, one of our most precious raw materials?

Petroleum was first discovered in America in 1627, but was only produced on a commercial scale in 1859. Since this 19th century eureka, man has constantly experimented with this dark viscous fluid. Without this so-called "Black Gold" we would not be able to boast of the fine horseless carriages, powerful motors, or hurricane engines that we know today.

If petroleum is such an asset to a nation in time of peace, how much more valuable it is in time of war is clearly shown in this second year of global war. Planes, tanks, jeeps, battleships, and scores of other implements of war depend upon this vital fluid for their existence.

America is producing such a higher quality of gasoline that our enemies have as yet not been able to match it. But, in order to understand just how this gasoline is produced perhaps we should take a short glimpse at its development.

Aircraft engines in World War I were not the powerful, reliable instruments of today. By comparison aviation engines of those days were small indeed. Even the Liberty engine, a crowning achievement of World War I days had only about one-fifth the horsepower with which America's modern fighting planes—the Thunderbolts and Corsairs—challenge any enemy in the air. The Curtiss OX5 engine which propelled the famous "Jenny Fighter" in the last war, had less than the horsepower of yesterday's Chevrolet.

Many problems confronted designers of the engines of World War I. One baffling problem was "pinging" or "knocking" which prevented the development of high compression engines and seemed to set a limit on the efficiency and power obtainable from gasoline engines.

In those days "knocking" was thought to be a mechanical problem. Few realized that the character of the fuel might make an enormous difference in the power for which an engine could be designed. These few turned their attention to research and investigation of the fuels. In addition, the same plant yields a wide variety of other hydrocarbons. This marked the beginning of a system of experiments that have brought

about the remarkable progress in petroleum refinery.

In 1922 the revolutionary discovery of tetraethyl lead gave tremendous impetus to fuel research. When added to available fuels in miraculously small quantities, it almost eliminated the knock in engines of that day. This era, too, ushered into use for the first time, octane rating of gasolines. Although all of us have heard of "octane number," probably only a few realize its use.

The octane number of a fuel expresses that fuel's anti-knock value on a scale ranging from 0-100. The top value of 100 represents a hydrocarbon known as iso-octane, which is practically knock free. The bottom value represents a hydrocarbon known as heptane, which always causes knocking. The various gasolines are rated in this scale, according to their knocking qualities, based upon these two references, heptane and iso-octane. There are several iso-octanes, known to the chemist as isomers, which are used in aviation gasoline as blending agents. These are blended with a base fuel to raise the octane number. The entire mixture is called 100 octane gasoline, if it equals reference iso-octane in anti knock value.

It is this 100 octane gasoline that America needs to win the war. With our planes using this super-fuel, hardly any power is lost, fuel consumption is kept at a minimum, and the operating temperature of the engine is kept at such a level that motor failure, so prevalent in the past is now rarely heard of. Yesteryear we were only able to produce a limited amount of this super-fuel. Today, by means of catalytic cracking refinery, America is now producing more 100 octane gasoline than was ever dreamed of.

The raw material for the fluid catalytic cracking plant is gas oil—a liquid mixture of dozens of different hydrocarbon compounds. Gas oil is somewhat like the heating oil used in home furnaces, although much heavier. In this process, the catalyst is in the form of a powder as fine as talc. A catalyst is a substance which accelerates chemical reactions without taking part in them. Someone has called it a "chemical parson." Like a parson it can marry or join together hundreds of chemical molecules and still remain a parson.

This powdered talc-like reagent, being in such light form is swept upwards along with the gas oil into a reaction chamber where it is literally cracked in a matter of seconds into its many hydrocarbon compounds, some in the form of gas; others in the form of liquids. The cracked products are then passed along into a complicated series of fractionating towers and drums. The gases and liquids take different courses and are separated into various combinations of hydrocarbons. Thus, through this continuous process, the base stock for making 100 octane gasoline and the hydrocarbons out of which are made blending agents (alkylates) which raise even higher the octane number of this base stock. used in the production of alcohols or synthetic rubber.

The ever mounting demand for high octane aviation gasoline serves to emphasize the importance of these fluid catalytic plants, upon which rests the petroleum industry's hopes for meeting satisfactorily the United Nations' rapidly increasing aviation gasoline requirements. Similarly, the synthetic rubber industry has hailed this new development for its ability to yield in large quantities the butylenes and isobutylenes required for the manufacture of synthetic rubber from petroleum.

Of equal importance to the war effort is the fact that fluid catalytic cracking plants of this type will yield substantial quantities of toluene, the basic constituent of T.N.T. Incidentally, considerably more than half the bombs and shells made in the United States during 1942 depended upon T.N.T. made from toluene produced from petroleum.

This new fluid catalytic cracking process is unusually flexible and the same equipment may be used to make aviation gasoline, synthetic rubber, or explosive raw materials; or, in peace time, large quantities of high quality motor gasolines. They may be used entirely for the manufacture of butadiene for synthetic rubber production, or they may be used with other hydrocarbons to turn out alkylates to step up the octane number of aviation gasoline base stocks.

One-hundred octane gasoline is a powerful weapon of war. Today, all American warplanes have been designed for this super-power, a force so strong that it permits design of an engine that will drive a standard car 40 miles to the gallon. It is being supplied to the British, and for use in the American planes sent to Russia. No Axis airplanes known are equipped for it and none are using it.

Because of the added power of 100 octane gasoline, our bombers and fighting planes can match the speed of the enemy and have the advantage of protective armor. A U. S. bomber fueled with 100 octane gasoline can carry 5,000 more pounds of bomb load than if fueled with 87 octane, yesterday's super-fuel. When a long range offensive can be mounted against Berlin or Tokyo, 1,000 planes will be able to carry nearly five million more pounds of bombs per trip because of 100 octane gasoline, than if 87 octane were used. Planes can operate from smaller fields. A fighter can rise more quickly. A bomber can lift after a shorter run, and planes and crews can be moved more quickly for their protection.

Perhaps after the war we will know the full story of catalytic refining. But, as we all know, censor regulations prohibit the publication of anything in this respect that would benefit the enemy. Surely, the development of this industry will prove to all that America is not asleep—but rather alive, willing and striving with all her countless and eager hands to end this conflict and hasten the way for a lasting peace built on the firm foundation of toil and endless sweat by the men and women who will keep this land of ours "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

High Waters

THOMAS JOYCE

This is the work of a young man who is at home among the gandy-dancers. He follows the first advice given to young writers to write about something familiar to them; he makes these things familiar to him quite real and tangible to us.

Ours was a funny winter last year. We had had torrential rains throughout the middle part of January and all the creeks had swelled over their banks and filled the bottoms with water. Then it turned mighty cold, making the woods look like the frozen fastnesses of the North Pole. While the land was all locked by a glacier of ice, the flood waters began to subside leaving the ice hanging on the trees. But it didn't hang long. Under the force of its own weight it began breaking away from its suspended condition in huge chunks when the flood waters began to recede, at length finding its way to the main channels of the creeks.

Slough Creek, in running its winding course, finds itself crossing under the bridge of highway 29 and just a few yards farther it eddys under the double span bridge of the old Rock Railroad. I recall hearing the old timers tell of days when one could drive a team of horses with a load of hay under that trestle, but that isn't so any more. The years have seen the swirling waters of Slough Creek pile debris and dirt all along its route until the murky soup in normal flow passes scarcely six feet under the railroad span. In such a swollen condition the foaming waters were swirling through the ties of the bridge and it was thought that before it reached its crest it would be rolling over the tops of the rails. Many of the old time employees of the railroad could recall times when there had been heavier rains, but with the ice and debris clogging the stream, the safety of the bridge was endangered and the roadmaster had reason for serious concern. He had ordered Section Gang 137 to maintain a constant watch on the bridge in order to keep the ice and huge logs that were rushing down the stream from jamming in the bridge-work.

I had not expected the trapping to be any good, but being interested in seeing the condition of my recently inundated trapping grounds, I threw a few traps in my hunting coat and taking it over my shoulder, headed in the direction of Goose Pond. The shortest way was down the tracks, so I cut across the back valley into the train yards. I was always fascinated by the green and red lights which dotted the yards here and

there, showing where the various switches were. They showed up very bright under the cover of darkness.

Walking briskly to warm myself against the chilly night air, I soon came upon the canal bridge which marked the end of the Yard Limits. Gaining the other side, I could hear noises in the brush that lines the right-of-way. Flashing my five-cell in the general direction of the sound I saw several rabbits scurrying along the ditch, having no place to go since the flood waters had made their burrows uninhabitable. The thought that it might be an opportune time to snare a 'coon entered my mind and I was glad that I had brought a couple No. 1½ traps along with me.

In the distance I could see several white lights dancing around and judging that they were in the vicinity of the creek bridge, I was prompted by curiosity to hurry my steps in order to find out what was going on. Shortly, I was aware of a black figure looming at the side of the tracks and upon approaching I could see that it was the section gang's motor car. Realizing then the reason of the white lights, I decided not to turn off on the Hennipin Pike as I had intended doing, but to go on down to the bridge and see what the Gandy Dancers were doing. Coming within the sound of the raging waters, I could hear the men shouting orders to each other and I recognized the voices of Bud Noble, Hank Crew, and the section boss, N. R. McDonald. Upon reaching the bridge I stepped gingerly on the ties and could see the racing waters a scant six inches below my feet.

"Hy fellows," I said, by way of letting them know I was there.

Bud knew it was me and he said, "Hy Steve, want a good job?"

"No thanks," said I, "Them's mighty big hunks of ice coming down there, ain't they?"

"You're doggone right they are," chimed in Hank, "and if you think it's any fun goading that stuff with these pike poles, why you're just welcome to try it."

Just then a massive piece of ice came rushing out of the darkness into the rim of light created by the lanterns and it rammed into the bridge, giving it a jolt that shook every beam.

"Holy smoke," shouted the boss, "many more like that and they'll find us floating down the Illinois River. Hank, take a look down there and see what damage has been done to the underpinning of the bridge. Be careful, though."

Hank picked up one of the lanterns and walked over to where the big ice was struggling against the bridge under the force of the current. Leaning over the edge of the framework he tried to peer under the bridge with the aid of the flickering light of the lantern. All of a sudden Hank slipped and we heard a shrieking "HELP!" and he was swallowed by the angry waters as if he had never been there.

I was frozen with fear, but in a flash of an instant I had an inspiration, and forced my unwilling feet to carry me off the bridge and down to the muddy bank. I was thankful that I had my coon-hunting flashlight with me because it really throws a beam. Forcing my way along the bank, slipping and sliding as I went, I was filled with apprehension for fear my inspiration would fail. Being well acquainted with the bottoms, I knew there was an old pier sunk in the creek downstream that was once used for the old Pike Road bridge, and I was trying desperately to reach it. I was certain that it would still be above the surface of the water. Reaching into the huge pockets of my coat while picking my way along the slippery bank, I pulled out one of the big coon traps. But the going was so tough, I feared it would be too late when I got there and my fear goaded me on to super speed.

After what seemed an eternity, the piercing beam spotted the top of a concrete pier about four feet from the bank of the creek. Throwing all caution to the wind, I jumped and landed with a teeth-rattling jar right on top of the pier. It is on the outside of the curve in the creek which forced me to hope that the current would force Hank in that direction. Oh God, I thought, if only I'm not too late!

Searching frantically in the bilious torrent, my head cooked up all kinds of tragic pictures of what might have happened to Hank, when all of a sudden I saw a black object bobbing up and down and coming right toward me. Having already set the trap, I waited for the right moment and then flung it with calculated action with the pan down, hoping that black spot would be Hank's bushy hair. For an awful moment it seemed that I had miscalculated. And then there was an insistent tug on the end of the trap chain which I had held in my hands. I started pulling with all my might. The strong jaws had clutched Hank's hair.

I pulled the limp body up behind the pier out of the force of the current, hoping against hope that his life had not been snuffed out. Bending over cautiously and getting a firm grip under his arms, I exerted myself and with a mighty effort managed to drag him up on the pier. He was very limp and there was a nasty gash on the side of his head. I was scared.

"Hey there," alarmingly shouted Bud from the bank; and looking up I saw that both Bud and the boss had made their way to the point where they saw my light.

"Hurry and throw me a rope, Bud. There ain't no time to waste. Hank's in bad shape."

"I got one right here. Watch it, and I'll throw one end to you."

I was sure glad that Bud had thought to bring a rope. I caught the end of the rope and started trussing it securely about Hank's limp body. Bud and the boss put the other end around a stout branch of a tree and were

waiting to pull. I got Hank tied up good and tight, and then gave the order to start pulling. It was a strong rope and only a short pull to the bank, so I hung on the rope too, and laying to it, Bud and the boss soon had both of us up on the muddy bank.

"We gotta get him to a doctor right quick," I said, and Bud was already untying the knots as expertly as an old sailor.

Getting Hank untied, the boss and I picked him up and started for the bridge. Under the strain of the load, the boss grunted out an order to Bud: "Go over to that farmhouse by the highway and call a doctor. Tell him to go to my house and we'll get Hank there pronto."

Bud was gone in a flash. We struggled up to the bridge, crossed it and went over to the highway where we were fortunate in flagging a car. The driver was very willing and he had us into town and down to the boss' house in less time than it takes to tell. We carried him into the house where the doctor and the boss' wife were waiting.

Excitement reigned, but under the steady hand of the doctor everybody soon calmed down.

"Mightty nasty accident," mumbled the doctor half to himself as he dressed the bloody cut with expert actions.

"Is he dead, Doc?" stammered the boss as if the awful possibility had just dawned on him.

"No, but he may have a serious skull fracture. I can't tell yet."

As though relieved of one load, the boss started worrying about the bridge. "Golly, I sure hope Bud will be able to keep that ice from jamming till I can get back with more help. You better come along and give me a hand, Steve. C'mon."

But just as we were starting for the door, Hank began to stir and he groaned as though in awful pain. His lips moved and he mumbled something which was at first incoherent. But soon we were able to discern what he was saying. It was "The cap's gone! The cap's gone!"

Now we knew that Hank had a cap on when he had that unfortunate slip back on the bridge, but why should the loss of a cap make such an impression on an apparently delirious mind? I glanced over at the boss who had a look of perplexity on his face. Then all of a sudden with a great show of anxiety, the boss stammered, "Holy smokes, we gotta hurry fast. There's a merchandise freight due at 9:15 and it's 9:05 right now. Let's go!"

The boss took it out the door on the double, and I followed him with an air of puzzlement. "What's he got on his mind?" I said to myself, all the time running into a stiff night breeze right on the boss' heels. He can run pretty fast for an old man. He led me across the maze of tracks over into the south end of the yards where the section tool house

is located. Knowing that there was no motor car available, he grabbed a three-wheel hurdy-gurdy parked at the south end of the shanty and I helped him put it on the tracks. We hadn't spoken since leaving the boss' house, but then the boss blurted out breathlessly, "Give her all you got, son," so I climbed aboard and started pouring on the power and pretty soon we were sailing down the track at a good clip. I was still in the dark as to the reason for the big hurry, but I knew that section boss was hell-bent for something, so I stayed to and made the wheels of that hurdy-gurdy hum a tune.

"We gotta get there before that train or that bridge will never hold up!" The boss seemed like he was stark crazy standing up in that freezing night air staring hard at his watch, but my brain was in too much of a whirl to think straight enough to figure out the reason for all the rush. We passed the Pike Road and were nearing the bridge where I could see the light of the lanterns, when the boss turned and yelled in a loud voice, "Don't stop at the bridge. Keep right on going until you get to the switch leading to the sand track."

Bud heard us coming over the roar of the water and he grabbed a lantern and started signalling for us to stop. The boss leaned forward and in an angry voice shouted, "Get to heck out of the way. No time to stop!"

"But the depot says that freight is half an hour late."

Seeing that these two weren't getting anywhere arguing at flying speed, I dragged the hurdy-gurdy to a halt. The boss jumped off and yelled at Bud, "What did you say about that freight?"

"I said that the operator at the depot told me it was going to be half an hour late," chirped Bud somewhat ired by the boss' demeanor. "I called them up from over at the farmhouse. This damn ice is getting worse fast."

"I'm worried," said the boss, "I'm going to take a look under that bridge and see if Hank knew what he was talking about, and he walked over to the point where Hank fell and started looking under the bridge. I still couldn't figure out what had the boss so scared. I had heard Hank say something about the cap being gone, but I didn't attach any significance to that. Suddenly I saw the headlight of an engine just coming around Miller's curve up ahead and I shouted "What train is that coming?"

The boss straightened up as though he had been given a shock of 10,000 volts. "Jumpin' Jupiter," he said, "I gotta stop her," and he took off up the track running like a tiger and swinging his lantern in an effort to flag the oncoming train.

I knew that the engineer would have a slow order on the bridge, but I also knew that he wouldn't be able to "big-hole" his train before he

had gone clear past the raging creek. I guess the boss knew it too, the way he was tearing down the track, and I soon guessed that he was trying to reach the sand track switch before that engine did. Evidently there was something seriously wrong with the bridge.

The engine was so close that I could see the sparks fly from the brakes chewing into the wheels. The "hogger" had thrown on all the air, but it takes a long stretch to stop a heavy train. The boss was making a valiant effort to get to the switch. I could tell it was going to be awful close, and just then I realized that if the train won the race and that bridge gave way that I was going with it, because there wasn't time left to get off. I got plenty scared and started to pray. I guess the Lord was with me because I saw the green light of the switch change to red, and almost in the same instant I saw the big iron horse lurch to the left and start up the mile long track to the sand pits. I heaved a sigh of relief and gave my thanks to God. I knew that the train would have plenty of distance to stop on the sand track, and as it rolled off into the valley with its brakes squealing, I was surprised to see light shining from the windows of passenger cars.

Snapping to my senses, I found that Bud had already run down to where the boss was standing so I made for there too, and found the boss shaking like a leaf. The excitement had been a big dose for him, but realizing that his worries were not yet over, he forced himself to regain his stability. The train had "big-holed" to a grinding stop and some of it was still out on the main line. It sure was a long train. But the rear cars were flatcars with huge shapes loaded upon them. Immediately I drew the conclusion that this must have been a large troop train hauling both men and equipment. It dawned on me what a gallant thing the boss had done. If that heavy train had hit that weakened bridge, it would have been a horrible tragedy, probably resulting in the loss of many lives and much equipment. But that was not the time to stop and think. During all the time since Hank's bad accident the ice had been pounding against the weakened west main bridge and there was a large jam of tons of ice already formed. "We gotta get that ice loose and start it downstream," ordered the boss as though it would be a simple job for just the three of us. We all grabbed a pike pole and started prodding the massive cakes of ice as though we were going to accomplish the nearly impossible thing of breaking that jam away from the bridge. All that time we had forgotten about the train. The danger threatening the west main bridge had occupied us so much that we failed to notice the approach of two figures until we heard a vociferous voice shout, "Hey, what in blazes kind of a game are you guys playing?"

Turning, we saw two men standing on the bridge, both with brass buttons shining. One had a black uniform, and we knew him to be the

conductor. The other had a khaki uniform. We recognized him as being an army officer, no doubt the one in command of the troop train. It was he who had spoken. Without giving any of us a chance to offer a word, he demanded again in no uncertain terms, "C'mon you guys, let's have an explanation for this delay."

The boss at last found his voice and blurted out, "But sir, this bridge is so weak that it would have collapsed under a heavy train." But that big army man, who we learned later was a colonel, was no fool. He sized up the situation at a glance.

"I'll send you help immediately." Then turning to the conductor he said, "Back your train out on the main line and cross over to the east main. then pull up here so that we can make use of the headlight of the engine. I'm going to get some dynamite and make short work of that jam," and with an air of decision he walked off the bridge.

In a very few minutes a whole bunch of khaki clad men came down to the bridge, some of them carrying boxes of dynamite and others carrying lights. They got to work right away under the direction of several officers and there was method in every move they made. The big train had already made use of the conveniently located crossover just around the curve and had pulled down to the bridge on the east main, putting much light on the scene. The boss and Bud and I were just in the way so we stood off to the side and watched. Those soldier boys really knew their business, and since they were from the engineers division as we learned later, I guess that stuff was right down their alley. They weren't afraid at all. Some of them crawled out on that uncertain ice and placed heavy charges of T.N.T. in strategic spots, and then came back to the bridge without even one accident. Then someone gave an order for everyone to get in the clear. We moved back a good distance and then there was a terrific explosion followed by chunks of ice flying a hundred feet in the air. It fell in small pieces, some of it on the creek bank, some on the bridge, and some in the water. There was a big gush of water and ice as the jam broke loose and the force of the current pushed it under the two bridge spans.

"Jeepers, what a neat job," the boss ejaculated. "If these army fellows hadn't helped us, both spans of that bridge would be halfway to the Mississippi by now."

The proud man with the eagle on his shoulder walked over to where we were standing and shoved his massive hand out to the boss. "Nice work, sir, mighty nice work. If you hadn't shown such gallant presence of mind, this whole trainload of trained soldiers and valuable equipment might have been wrecked. And the same goes for you other two," he said turning to Bud and me, and he shook our hands with meaning, and we felt very proud. The best our choked voices could say was a feeble "Thank you, sir."

Then the big man motioned to one of his associate officers and told him to get the men and unused equipment on board so that they could move immediately. As the boys in khaki passed us to climb in the coaches they all extended their thanks to the three of us, which made us feel pretty sheepish. Soon the train was loaded and ready to move. The Colonel gave the final order and as the big pistons of the locomotive began to wheeze under power he swung up on the step platform of the coach and leaned forward shouting, "I won't forget what you fellows have done for us and our country," and as we stood there waving, we wondered what more this army man could do to make us feel proud. As the green and red clearance lights on the caboose went past us and the rear brakeman swung his white lamp, I was already thinking about what had happened in a few short hours, and immediately I got curious to learn how the boss knew that bridge was so weakened that a train could not pass over it. I put the question to him.

"Well," he said, "Do you remember when Hank mumbled something about the cap being gone?" I said that I did, and he continued, "Well, I knew that Hank had a cap on his head when he slipped and fell in the creek, but when he started mumbling deliriously about the cap being gone, I thought it queer that the loss of a fifty-cent rag should make such an impression on his mind. After all these years working on the railroad, I know that the big wooden beams in the understructure of a bridge are called "caps," and when Hank repeated those words the possibility that the cap on the north span of the bridge had been knocked loose when that big hunk of ice crashed into it entered my mind. When we came out here and I looked under the bridge just before that troop train showed up, I saw for myself that the cap *was* gone, and I knew that the north span in that condition could never stand up under a heavy train."

"That was a mighty nice piece of quick thinking," chimed in Bud.

"Well, maybe it was, but don't forget that Hank and you two guys deserve just as much credit as I do," said the boss in a tone of all fairness and modesty. Speaking to Bud he continued, "Bud, you stay here and keep the ice going down the creek while I go over to the farm house and call the dispatcher and tell him to route all trains between here and Putnam over the east main. Steve, you take the hurdy-gurdy into town and see if you can't round up some more help to relieve us so we can get some sleep. While there, go over and see how Hank is coming along."

I jumped on the three-wheeler and started pulling for town. It wasn't long until I reached the yards where I had so peacefully walked a few hours before. I thought then of my hunting coat and remembered that I had left it lying on the bank of the creek where we had pulled Hank out of the water. I took the puddle-jumper off the main and crossed over the ribbons of steel in the direction of the boss' house. When I got

inside the house, I found the doctor and Mrs. McDonald conversing in subdued tones which frightened me; and impatiently I demanded to know how Hank was getting along.

"He is suffering from shock and his wound is pretty severe," said the Doc, "but I am sure he has no skull fracture. He is resting now."

Such news was music to my ears. I had a little difficulty in finding some men, but after a time I located three fellows and we all went back to the creek in my Dad's car. When we got back I went straight down to the creek bank to find my coat and the traps. They were still there and lying right beside them was the trap which I had used to rescue Hank. Upon close scrutiny, I was surprised to find that some of Hank's bushy hair was still caught in the strong jaws of that precious trap. Leaving the three newcomers to watch the bridge, the boss and Bud and myself returned to town to get some very welcome sleep after a hectic night.

Just five days later, I returned home after wandering through the woods to find a letter waiting for me. On the return address glaring black letters stared at me and they read "Department of War." Thinking that it was my summons for the army induction, I nervously tore open the envelope and pulled out the enclosed form. This is what it read: "Dear Citizen:

"We have been served notice by Colonel Payne, U. S. Army Engineer Corps, of your gallantry so nobly displayed in recently saving a trainload of soldiers and valuable equipment from certain destruction. It is my esteemed privilege to cite you and your fellow workers for exceptional bravery in the face of danger.

"Yours sincerely,

"Gen Joseph McNarry
Asst. Chief of Staff
U. S. Army."

The story is spreading like wildfire.

What Catholic Fiction Needs

K. WILLIAM KENNEDY

Here are blueprints which are most practical for the young Catholic writer, but there is a moral here for the general reader too. This is a ready answer to a loud cry about which no one does very much at all. And so much of the future depends on it.

A good piece of Catholic fiction should be cluttered up with priests, prayer, and a lot of Murphys and O'Houlihans who drip with an Irish brogue. The villain should see the "light" and be repentant near the finish of the tale so that all may end well. Says who? This is the conception of a number of authors that submit hundreds of stories to numerous Catholic magazines every month. They seem to think that because the majority of its readers are Catholic the story has to be about some miracle or the life of some saint. This is a lot of "hullabaloo" and there should be a stop put to it.

The editors of Catholic magazines want something that is worthwhile, something that can be enjoyed by all, and something that is written from that point of view which is Catholic. They don't want anything "namby-pamby" as one critic would put it. The Rev. Hyacinth Blocker, O.F.M., of the *St. Anthony Messenger*, sums up the views of the Catholic field when he says, "We need virile, robust fiction, and not the goody-goody, dripping, pious, moralizing goo that so many would be authors imagine an essential requisite of Catholic fiction."

There is a wrong conception by many writers of just what editors of Catholic magazines want and need in the way of fiction. The question has been brought up as to length of story, kind of material wanted, etc. In an attempt to answer these questions and in the hope that there might be some improvement in Catholic short story writing, we have written to the leading Catholic periodicals of the nation and asked for their views on the subject. We have received their answers; they told us what the greatest need in Catholic fiction is; we are passing it on to you.

The first need seems to be for good writers who can write a good short story, something worthwhile, in about three thousand words. Of course, editors will accept material of greater or shorter length, but most editors want a story between the two and three thousand mark.

They want a readable story with sound Catholic principles and action that is not preachy. They want the characters to preach and teach by their actions rather than by lengthy sermons. The editor of *The Sacred*

Heart Messenger strikes this note when he considers the greatest need for Catholic fiction to be "stories written with sufficient imagination and originality to illustrate and inculcate Catholic ideas interestingly without the appearance of preaching. The lesson should be implicit, rather than explicit."

Stories that are neither pietistic nor propagandist but reflecting sound philosophy of high literary standards are asked for. There is a great need among Catholic writers for stories that are not merely sentimental ideas based on the idea that Catholicism is something that comes only from the heart and not from the intellect.

There is also a need for stories that mature, modern Catholics can read. The public as well as editors don't want stories written on the grade school level. We are tired of reading about boy meets girl, boy gets girl in the same old way every time a love story comes out. We want stories about some good solid stuff that we can get ahold of and hang on to.

Above all Catholic magazines don't want any honey covered miracles. Don't think editors irreverent for saying this; they only wish to point out that authors don't have to drag a miracle into every story they submit in order to get it published. Nobody thrills to the telling of a genuine supernatural happening more than a good Catholic editor, but the thousands of authentic miracles with which every Catholic is familiar are not the ones with which the modern author chooses to impress you with. Instead, he tries to convince you with the story of a miracle far more improbable than anything the Church asks us to believe. The Rev. John C. Munett, C.C., of *Field Afar*, hits the apple on the head when he considers the greatest need in Catholic fiction to be "stories that are not sugar-coated miracles because the hero wore a . . . but fiction that proves the value of faith, sacrifice and love as interpreted through Catholic action or participation in the works of mercy." This view is also expressed by Eileen O'Hayer, associate editor of *Extension*. She adds to the words of Father Munett, feeling that "there is a want for stories about real people whom we can love sincerely and about life, which is God's greatest institution."

A more understanding and less narrow set of critics and reviewers is asked for by Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., of *The Grail*. He says, "When a Catholic *dares* to write a good piece of truthful fiction (I am sure you understand the term) he is constantly afraid that the critics will tear it to shreds—and they often do. No wonder no *good* writer wants to stay in the field of Catholic fiction; no wonder Catholic fiction does not produce *good* writers." This view seems to be the exception rather than the rule. If some piece of literature does not pass the critics' censure it is rather because the article appeals to the lower nature of man and is in violation of Catholic doctrine. If you write something really good with the right philosophy it will have no trouble passing the test.

John S. Gibbons of *Catholic Boy* seems to think that there is a need for fictionized biographies of Catholic men and women. He would like to see stories woven around such famous Catholics as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Balboa, Raphael, Franz Schubert, and Louis Pasteur.

"We need Catholic periodicals which will pay the writers enough to keep them off the WPA—say two cents a word for anything worth printing at all, and five to ten cents a word for good stuff," says Leonard Doyle of *Youth*. It is no lie that you can't become rich overnight by writing for Catholic magazines. The average rate of pay ranges between a half a cent and a cent a word, but at present you will have to be satisfied and make the best of a bad situation. If you can turn out a good yarn, and know that it is good, you are more likely to get the price you ask.

When asked on which was placed the most emphasis—plot, theme or characterization, editors of Catholic periodicals certainly did not agree. It is a toss up as to which of the three gets the most emphasis. The young author, though, should be more concerned with thought, originality, and reader appeal. If he has these three things, plot, theme, and characterization will take care of themselves.

Thus you have the outstanding needs in Catholic fiction today. Do not pass them off too lightly—something should be done about them. "What?" is up to you, the writers. Only you can remedy this situation. The thing to do is to write with a Catholic philosophy about a subject that will be of interest to the reader. No preaching! No miracles! No sixth grade stories!

Another Revival

JOHN L. GOETZ

This is fresh evidence of the growth and spread of Catholic culture. This account takes us into the magic world of music where masters from the peaks are remembered for their greatness and for their Catholicity.

No doubt we are all aware of the great and surging revival of Catholic literature and thought which took place during the middle of the 19th century, the "Second Spring" which added the works of Newman and Thompson and hundreds of others, many of them no less great, to these fields of creation. Perhaps, however, we are not aware that during this very same time, a similar revival, no less striking, appeared in the field of musical composition. In fact, it was not only noticed in England, but all over Europe. There appeared the tendency among a group of composers to return to a theme of inspiration which transcended the stolid and fatalistic ideas of man's corruption and predestination with which those under the influence of Protestant reformation were forced to contend. This group had a higher theme which their creative power fashioned into some of the most stirring works which we now possess—this theme was a straightforward simple faith.

Most composers of the time fell under the influence of the mystic genius Wagner, with his broad, heroic, yet pagan themes, and his huge tonal masses. Among them was a virtually unknown organist at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, Anton Bruckner by name. A timid, unobtrusive fellow, he had never felt that his modest works were worthy of public presentation until he heard the Vienna premiere of *Tannhauser*. Noticing the similarity in some respects between his music and that of the music-drama, he gained courage, and began to publicise his works. This similarity made of him a forgotten genius; for although Wagner himself compared him with Beethoven in stature, other critics accused him of mimicry. There was, however, an essential difference between the two. As Schaezler says, Wagner wrestled with the world, while Bruckner wrestled with God. Indeed he always worked under the religious influence, writing as he did in the mystic twilight of St. Stephens.

Although Bruckner's simple life was comparatively non-problematical, he introduced into his music some of the most titanic spiritual combats ever to appear. His works are sometimes condemned as unending, but their length may be attributed to the magnitude of the themes with which he had to deal. His Fifth Symphony deals with eternity; his Seventh with the last judgment, while the masterful Ninth is simply dedicated "an dem lieben Gott."

Bruckner's music must be approached with patient understanding. His sonorities and tonal masses often mask his true meaning from the listener, since his music is sheer mysticism. According to Professor Auer, he is the musical peak of Catholic inspiration, a position which Bach held in regard to Protestantism.

About this same time there was another poor organist at the church of Saint Cotilde in Paris. He spent the better part of his life teaching the elements of piano to unappreciative young students, and could devote only an hour or so each day to the production of his compositions. His name was Cesar Franck, and it inspired no respect among his contemporaries, who openly condemned his work as worthless. Neglected and misunderstood, he could still overlook their injustice from the quiet of his organ loft. Here he was content in spite of all the opposition, enwrapped as he was with the vaporous chords of his musical improvisations. Here also, on the organ he evolved the themes which were later incorporated into the great Symphony in D Minor, and the monumental *Les Beatitudes*, which are now universally acclaimed. Franck's music, like that of Bruckner, is mystic in the ultimate sense of the word. There is none of the materialistic philosophy in it whatsoever; rather it is almost unearthly at times.

In the meantime, England too had made its contribution to this movement. Born perhaps too late to be called a contemporary of the two previously discussed, Sir Edward Elgar added the final touches to the musical revival which was in progress. He was unique in that his works were appreciated immediately, instead of being scoffed at. Perhaps his crowning achievement is the magnificent choral and orchestral setting which he evolved for Newman's mystic poem of death, *The Dream of Gerontius*. Upon hearing it, it is said that Richard Strauss exclaimed, "Ein Meisterwerk." After ten years of study upon the poem, Elgar wrote his oratorio at a white heat of imaginative energy; and it has the rounded completeness of vision which can only come from this type of composition. Its reverence is almost overwhelming, and shows Elgar's insight into the spiritual side of life. Together with his other great works, *The Apostles*, and *The Kingdom*, the *Dream of Gerontius* makes Elgar to English music what Newman was to English literature in the nineteenth century.

Others might well be mentioned as participants in the Catholic musical revival. The Abbe Franz Liszt, of course, shows a certain tone of Catholic inspiration in his later works. Richard Wagner while essentially pagan and nationalistic, has given us *Parsifal*, which is a truly great embodiment of the medieval theme of the Holy Grail. However, the triumvirate previously mentioned seem to bear out the fact that such a revival actually did exist. That it has continued to the present time is doubtful; still there is no doubt that its influence is still being felt in the musical field. The work of Elgar granted new freedom and vitality to the ora-

torio, while Bruckner and Franck laid the groundwork for modern symphonic composers with their unusual ideas. Perhaps when our modern composers discover again the source of their inspiration, they too will be able to duplicate their results. Until that time, our music must continue in the uncertain state in which it now finds itself.

The Things Of A Child

JOHN HINDERS

As old as old, as young as young, these thoughts are timeless, for they belong to the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, and the men of newer worlds. Mr. Hinders has captured something common to us all and in doing so he has captured the first place in the Alumni Essay Contest of the College.

"Memory is an old garment and quite useless, however beautiful; for it has been outgrown." *Kierkegaard.*

In the hollow hush of night I climbed tiptoe to the attic land of memory—to the land of things outgrown. Two flights up—a nearby land of the faraway, a silent, dusty land. Just for tonight let me finger things "quite useless"—tonight, feel again the things of a child.

A single light bravely flings out its radiance from its perch on the rafters. The shadowy blackness of the forgotten lies unawakened outside the sphere of yellow light; here and there yawn cobwebbed heaps of childhood memories, blinking at the unfamiliar brilliance . . .

Here in the corner is Mother's bulky steamer trunk. The lifted lid releases the delicate breath of pentup perfumed years. Her wedding gown, orange blossoms, all her girlhood things—not memories for me, mere imaginings. Still, if ever I faltered, fearing my own love of Mother too small (having read some romantic tale of devoted child love), it was here I would run to profess my devotion. The same sweet breath always embraced me and I knew that all was right . . .

Mother . . . other ladies have been and will be; yet of them all, this one is mine . . . Mother. Sweeter voices, softer hair, smoother beauty, yes; yet there is only one Mother; her heart, warm with my heartaches; her voice, soothing in my sickness; her eyes, inspiring "thru uneven land;" her strength and sweetness, my love. She will never grow old in memory, for she is ever enshrined as first I remember her . . . Mother.

Here, in a traveled suitcase, an army uniform. It's dusty and its worn, but it's Dad's! Oh, the armies that I led in dusty attic land, bedecked in olive drab (amended, of course, where Dad and I differed in parts); steel helmeted I led each sally charging on. And when the campaign was completed, I would fold the suit again and dream of grown-up Dads . . . Dads stand for discipline and duty done and shooting fair and square, for comradeship in work and play. My Dad is not the President; he's not a millionaire—the world may not know him, but I do . . . he's my Dad . . .

In a chest of painted Mother Goose designs sleep my baby things, "outgrown and quite useless," but oh, the thrill to know that a waiting mother made them for her child, and I, that child; to know of her love as she helped the nestling child, warm and wrinkly pink, grow with unseen strength . . .

Way back, almost lost in dust, are the toys of many Christmases—soldiers, lying as they fell, ancient faded building blocks (castles and palaces waiting for the builder's hand), the little red gun that really worked—tokens all of childhood days . . .

Covered with dusky flakes of powdered time are the coloring books, the pictured storybooks, pasted picture cutouts—then, the first reader. How well I recall the timid tears of the first day at school, when, odd-mated, I marched without a partner . . . The southeast room and the tiny nun of whom I stood in great and wide-eyed awe . . . I wonder whether they are still there together. The lessons to be learned seemed mighty mountains in the little days; now the stack of often-carried books and the face of each teacher are misty memories . . . A scrap of paper here in the sixth reader—my first burning love note. A smile slips over my shoulder and spreads itself, pink and white, on an expectant face—the remembering of pretty Peggy and the sighing and the blushing and the teasing—the thrills that chased over my heart, now binding it hugging tight, now releasing it warm and bursting.

Among the books, in a vacated chocolate box—the holy pictures collected as a child. They speak of rewards and gifts and trades. They recall Sundays and the church . . . The Masses where I knelt intent on every move, watching, waiting, serving . . . The birds that fluttered and chirped their song outside the many-colored window and in cold winter the clamoring radiator that disturbed one's thought.

Beneath a picture of the brown-robed St. Francis—a book, all tissue wrapped—my first Communion prayer book. The careful preparation, the solemn first Confession, the spotless knicker suit, the glorious May day—tiny folded hands—pounding, throbbing heart—the moment!

Slowly moving on, I reach the shelves of boy-age clothes, where the procession of the seasons passes by, each classied as to style—some "Sunday bests," some "school clothes," some "runabouts." All have Mother's needle where over-anxious knees and elbows wriggled through.

The scratchy woolen jacket betokens winter—chill with melting snow . . . the sparking cold glory . . . the snow men, sleds and snow fights.

The cotton shirts and light trousers (patterned after Dad's) recall spring days . . . First flowers, flocks of birds, green woods and yellow violets, the broken blue of the bird's egg, wading barefoot ankle-deep in the sandy creek, rainy days spent at a window pane . . .

The coveralls of summer wear . . . the garden days when school was out, games of hide and seek, of playing house, the long rope swing under

the hickory tree, the hot and sultry days, the summer trips and always the homey smell of things on first returning.

The weave grows closer, the clothes heavier as I finger through to autumn dress . . . frosty days, nut hunting, the smell of burning leaves, the downfall of the tyrant garden empire that long held me under sway, Thanksgiving Days and Hallowe'ens, and going back to school!

The cycle is complete, but one thing bears attention. As the legs of the trousers grew longer, as other things appeared more lately laid away, the world seemed shrinking in proportion, things weren't so big—recollection of the past dawned—the world pressed in, from infantish and piece ideas grew larger notions and conceptions.

It must have been perennial family visitors who first awoke in me the realization of development. "My, how you've grown," they would say. Then as soon as they had gone, with shining eyes and drawn up shoulders I would peer into the hall mirror to glory in my glowing growth.

I have wandered among the attic-bound yesterdays of the "useless and outgrown." I have reached my starting point and must descend. The memory childhood lives on in dusky twilight land, vibrant in each pain-fraught valley, laughing on each happy hill.

In the hollow hush of night I tiptoe down from the attic-land of memory—from the land of things outgrown.

Contemplation

Calmness
Reigns in the hills.
This, in God's green mountains,
So vast, so wild, and fraught with life,
Is strange.

JACK JUTT

Death Bed Clock

Two arms
Circle the dial.
Lead the soul, striving more
Against the fetters of this death,
To Life.

JACK JUTT

Silence

Silence is where a brooklet sings,
Snaking thru tall grass in its flight;
The sun, in azure deep, from the hill-top flings
Silence — and the valley basks in the light.

F. H. GSCHWIND JR.

Prayer

Adapted from Jose Maria Peman

I know that you are with me, since all things
Have brought your brightness clearly to my mind,
And to my rooted thirst your coolness brings
The water of the quiet garden of desire.

I know that you are with me, for the slant
Of shades is figured by your sun of peace
And humble walking proves significant,
For roads are white with happiness and you.

Now, not distraught, I long not for your Word,
But stay in meadows where I walked before,
Until, as yesterday, your voice is heard
And I see you in the breaking of the Bread.

EDITORIAL

Student Contributions

JOHN L. GOETZ

The other day, someone asked us if the students of our colleges and universities were actually contributing anything really concrete to the realization of our greatest ambition at the present time—the cessation of the war, and the attainment of the kind of peace which we all dream of, but which will be so very difficult to bring about.

Surely our colleges are turning out large numbers of highly skilled specialists and technicians, whose contributions toward ultimate victory cannot be underestimated, yet must this be the primary purpose of education during these times? Knowledge of the physical sciences and the technical subjects is essential, undoubtedly; yet we join with those who maintain that our accelerated wartime learning is inadequate inasmuch as it is producing great numbers of semi-mechanical robots who are well equipped to cope with a gas attack, or to calculate the velocity of an electron, but who will be utterly helpless to contribute constructively to the inevitable period of chaotic reconstruction.

War is no excuse for depriving those who have been given the privilege by their government of a higher education, of a knowledge, however cursory, of the basic principles upon which human society is based, according to which the processes of the human mind function, and therefore upon which our peace program and reconstruction program must of necessity be based.

There are those who would scoff at anyone attempting to formulate plans for our postwar life and society, claiming that until our victory is actually gained, such discussions are no more than wistful dreaming. True, there is a time and a place for such formulations. The time is certainly now, or when the time comes to put our postwar regime into operation, we shall be hopelessly unprepared. Is not the logical place for such discussions in the learned atmosphere and sobering environment of our colleges and universities? It would seem so, upon slight consideration.

So we must continue to produce our trained technicians unceasingly, in order to keep our mechanized war machine in operation. But we must not subordinate other fields of endeavor, until certain fields will be destitute of trained thinkers when they will be desperately needed a few years hence. Only then can the facilities of our educational institutions be utilized to their fullest extent.

Exchanges

ROBERT C. DE SHON

Maybe Webster doesn't define or give any synonyms for "gremlin" but at times we could surely find some excellent names to call them. "Go on you pesky, little devils—get away from here. Can't you see we're trying to work?" What can we do when one stands on our right shoulder and one on the left, both arguing with what little right reason we have left after cramming for exams? Or, as if that weren't enough, they have to point out the window to the campus now in the full beauty of summer. What a temptation! But we in turn just point to the calendar on the wall, with the Exchange deadline pointing an accusing finger at us, and then, meekly, turn back to our typewriter.

It would never do for us to be late with this, our first writing, since the former exchange editor has now moved on to the head of the staff. So—back to our work.

Of particular note in the content of the quarterlies which have recently come into our hands is the increasing attention being shown in the life and works of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Two articles might be specifically pointed to—one in *The Quarterly*, from the College of New Rochelle, and the other in the *Mount Mary Quarterly*. In the latter, Mary Parker rates a round of applause for her excellent work, *Gerard Manley Hopkins Poet of Design*. It is encouraging to watch the rising favor being displayed for his comparatively new style.

While on the subject of poetry, we cannot pass up the College of St. Rose *Rambler* which definitely hit its stride with a fine collection of poems. Also, in the same issue, a pro and con treatment of the Atlantic Charter should keep this topic of discussion rolling right along.

One thing we had trouble digesting this time was the overly-large volume of short stories with practically one and the same tragic theme which, boiled down, amounts to that old sob story of boy meets girl and boy joins the army. These days, though, finds the boy dying in a plane crash nearly every time. However, one fem (yes, a girl) hit the bull's eye with the right slant on things of a military nature. She is Marie Jeffries with her *War Versus Dates* in *T'Akra*, quarterly from Loretto Heights College, Loretto, Colorado.

Humor and human interest both abound in *The Coffee House* from the *Holy Cross Purple*. That ditty on Mr. Anthony of radio fame we are pasting in our scrap book next to the cartoon on "zoot suits and reet pleats," found in the February *Gothic*.

Damozel again rings the bell with a spring issue that refuses to be laid down once you have started to read it. We enjoyed Ruth Wills' spark-

ling essay, *The Minority Speaks*, which might have well been called "In Defense of Southpaws."

One final note we feel is well in order here. Peering out over the corner of our Exchange and through the stack of quarterlies piled high on our desk, we find that the number of exchange columns to be found is, unfortunately, very low. We say "unfortunately" for what other or better medium can be found for correction?

True, very few people like being corrected. It digs into one's inner pride. But the profit that can be gained certainly outweighs the sting involved. So, 'til the next time, we're hoping for more exchange departments for the benefit of one and all.

Book Reviews

Lee's Lieutenants, by Douglas Southall Freeman, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943, 737 pp.

HENRY KAUFFMANN

Perhaps the only war in history that would not completely disillusion a young boy who dreams of going into battle with flags waving and bands playing, would be the Civil War. The battles and the men who fought them were like settings and characters that were transplanted from a story book to a history book.

Douglas Southall Freeman blends a complete study of the Civil War battles fought in Virginia, with a thorough criticism of the personality and character of the officers who commanded the Southern troops during these operations. The Southern army abounded with outstanding military leaders among whom were Beauregard, Magurder, Hill, Stuart, and Jackson. The martial ability of these men is beyond question. They were chivalrous, brave, daring, and each was propelled with a fanatic desire to see the South emerge victorious. Despite these admirable qualities not one was qualified to be the leader of the rest. The reasons, all were entirely too individualistic, some were the victims of false pride that often resulted in insubordination, and lastly a few were concerned only with personal glory. Beauregard, Johnston, Hill and Smith, each one was a brilliant tactician but not one was qualified for the supreme command. Only Beauregard and Johnston were ever given the real opportunity to reign supreme over the Southern armies. Each was at one time in his career regarded as the "shining light of the South." Beauregard dimmed his own light by self exaggeration and incompetency; a Yankee bullet turned out Johnston's glow completely.

Robert E. Lee assumed supreme command, after Johnston left the Federal army knocking at the door of Richmond. Under the immortal Lee, the army of the South became rejuvenated. Coordination of all the leaders was accomplished by Lee's tact and diplomacy. He harnessed the reckless genius of Jackson, Smith, and Stuart into a smooth working team. Under Lee, the religiously fanatic General Jackson made history. It was Jackson who saved Richmond and drove the Federals to within eight miles of Washington. "Stonewall" held the destiny of the South during the ten months from Cedar Mountain to Chancellorville. There are those who thought Jackson crazy because of his fanatical religious beliefs, but whether or not this was true, he was one of the most competent generals in the war.

The efforts of Stuart, Smith, and Hill are also given due credit in this "study of command" but in less proportion to Jackson.

Douglas Southall Freeman, because of his position as editor of the

Richmond, Virginia, newspaper has an exceptional wealth of authentic references from which he drew much of the material used in compiling this book. Freeman used newspaper accounts from the "Richmond Dispatch" and excerpts from the diaries of the Southern officers for references. If readers allow for a minimum of prejudice an excellent account of every ranking Southern officer can be obtained.

The Children by Nina Fedorova, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1942.
386 pp.

THOMAS FREIBURGER

Out of the misery and suffering caused by war comes this novel concerning the White Russian refugees in Harbin and Tientsin in 1938. This panorama of humanity shows all the lovable personalities of those people, their joys, their sorrows, their dreams. After reading the book, one values a great deal more his blessed security, and develops a feeling of pathos for those unfortunate Russians. Settings are subordinated; in fact, sometimes there seems to be no setting at all. The characters are made to live and talk and act just as though they were real.

As the title implies, all the activity revolves around children. Lida is a talented young singer striving to attain recognition, and she is even more desirous to go to her beloved Jimmy in California. Her cheery disposition in intense hope for better things enrich the simple lives of her friends. Her naive philosophy appears at first very plain and inadequate, but underlying this veneer is a deeper, more satisfying outlook on justice and happiness. With her strong Christian faith, Lida is the direct antithesis of the charming Dasha and her pagan communistic perspectives. Dasha's untimely death may very readily symbolize the inevitable defeat of communism and the triumph of Christianity. Although the doings of the various families seem to be unrelated, they eventually produce a picture of the social conditions prevalent in the concession.

Mme. Fedorova presents a diversity of characters. An American tourist who unsuccessfully tries to understand the happenings around him; a noted scientist who believes all the accomplishments of science to be worthless; an invalid dancer who disappoints her mother by marrying a pariah; a taciturn gentleman whose only interest is reading detective stories; his wife, who is constantly knitting in an effort to escape her prosaic life—these are some of the people the reader meets in *The Children*.

The book lacks a sharply defined plot, consisting of nothing more than a series of minor incidents. The descriptive passages certainly could be made more vivid. Mme. Fedorova has succeeded in showing us some of the hardships experienced by the refugees, as well as infusing into the reader an appreciation of the ordinary things of life. How dismal are

the lives of many of the refugees; but yet how much richer they make them by treasuring their true blessings!

No Day of Triumph, by J. Saunders Redding, New York and London, Harper & Bros., 1942, 342 pp.

JAMES CHANNELL

"*No Day of Triumph* is a manifesto to the Negro and a challenge to America." So declares Richard Wright in his introduction to the book.

In a sober, yet interesting way, the book is a manifesto to the lower-class Negro, telling him what he can do, and to the middle-class and "Talented Tenth," shouting what they must do.

No Day of Triumph was written because of an expedition. In 1940 the University of North Carolina invited Mr. Redding to travel anywhere among the Southern Negroes and write what he saw. But to Redding it meant more than just looking and reporting facts. For years, ever since his first awareness of color, the author had been looking for something—some kind of set of values. For a time he thought he had found it when, as a morbid college student, he was writing vicious nihilist articles. After that failed him, his problem became more acute, especially on his meeting Negro college professors, against whom especially his work lashes out.

Thus Mr. Redding lays his own life as a background for his work. His own relatives, from his black, resentful Grandmother Redding to his yellow religious Grandmother Conway, typify in a way the people he later met on his trips.

And many were the people and enlightening the scenes he encountered. A Negro Communist, a drunken lawyer, an ignorant snute, were all his acquaintances. A bug-ridden hotel, a one-room shack housing seven people, a Negro College, all were his home.

And much is the import of his experiences. While there are no fanatic diatribes against the white man, there is a constant awareness that the white race has caused much of the deplorable physical and mental conditions of the Negro himself—the Negro who clings to the false standards of white supremacy, the Negro who has achieved a little wealth and social position, and has forgotten what his brother must suffer. The book exposes the light Negro who considers himself almost white, the Negro intellectuals who have never matured. It exposes the "Talented Tenth" for what it is.

No Day of Triumph is the glory of some Negroes like the girl in the Southern college or the Phillips family or Menola of Louisiana.

No Day of Triumph is a picture of American Negro life, a "manifesto to the Negro and a challenge to America."

The Allegheny, by Frederick Way, Jr., Farrar & Rinehart, New York, 1942, 272 pp.

G. R. SCHREIBER

When Fred Way's first book, *The Log of the Betsy Ann*," appeared in 1936, many a riverman broke life-long tradition and carried it along to his pilothouse with him. That fact alone would make Way quite remarkable, even if his first book did not continue to enjoy a brisk sale year after year.

The Allegheny, Capt. Way's second book, is the seventeenth release of the Rivers of America Series, and the only one of the lot written by a real, licensed steamboat master. For that reason, it is probably the best account of all, when viewed simply from the treatment of the river as such. It is chock full of stories about characters who stalk the narrow-twisting shores of the Allegheny: of Seth Warren, of Ben Hogan and the Fox Clan, of Capt. Tom Fox, of the fabulous "Coal Oil Johnnie" Steele, and of a number of other equally intriguing personalities.

The thread of the river, the vast importance of its waters, flows through the historical data of Fred Way's book. He is close to the river. Before he even attempted to write the book, he went to Olean, New York, where the Allegheny springs out of the mountains and rode the length of the stream down to Pittsburgh in an out board motorboat.

There are many stories in the Allegheny river country; old stories of the oil well boom, tales of the steamboatmen—the legendary ones, who have gone on, and of the ones who still remain, fighting to keep life in the river. Way chronicles all of these.

The pictures he has drawn are of real life and real people. He has done them honestly, in relation to themselves and to himself; he had done them accurately, with careful concern. No more than that can be asked of any author.

The Road to Victory, by Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942, 130 pp.

FREDERICK A. BECKMAN

Surpassing the more materialistic considerations of a successful peace, Archbishop Spellman, Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the United States, has presented a partial solution to the seemingly overwhelming problem that will face a weakened civilization at the conclusion of the present horrible conflict. His answer is religion.

The world is locked in this bitter struggle because rulers and subjects have forgotten or spurned the God-given principles promulgated by HIS Church. Science, knowledge, and Communism have not only failed,

but these three forces have caused men to disregard the two great commandments, love of God, and love of neighbor. That religion is necessary for even the temporal welfare of men has been proclaimed by this nation's leaders from Washington to Roosevelt; the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution have definite references to God and religion. But the mere proclamation of religion is inadequate, it must be lived by every individual! To accomplish this end, says the Archbishop, religion must become an integral part of education, industry, and political activities.

In this book His Excellency does not attempt to analyze the social, economic, and political aspects of the peace, but he states that in so far as these activities are related to the salvation of men's souls, the Church, by her Divine Commission, has a prime interest in these spheres. The author also thoroughly denounces all social and economic doctrines that would permit one particular class to exploit another.

The role to be played by charity is specifically emphasized because, "the law of love is still the greatest hope for the salvation of the world." Love is the binding force between brother and brother, nation and nation. Numerous examples of American charity prior to the war are cited by His Excellency. He declares that it is these that have won recognition for America as a truly great nation by the suffering mankind that it has succored. Today America is undertaking one of the greatest works of charity since its beginning, the liberation of the oppressed peoples who are crying for aid to lift the iron heel of tyrannical dictatorship.

Again to quote the Archbishop, we must strive for, "a victory not alone on land, in the air, and on the sea, but a victory also for America's ideals.